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ON THE
NATIVITY
OF OUR
BLESSED LORD
AND
SAVIOUR
Jesus Christ.

Divine Poem.

Humbly Presented to the
Lady Sloane.

LONDON:
Printed by S. Palmer, for the AUTHOR.
MDCCXVII.

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A
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Humply Dromitory to the

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London:

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SONG ON THE
NATIVITY

OF OUR

BLESSED LORD, &c.

HILST others think, more
bright their Numbers shine,

When they invoke to aid, their
tuneful Nine;

And fancy that their Verse must ever live,

From the Assistance, which the Muses give.

So thou, my Soul, such fancied Helps disdain,

As all unworthy of thy Sacred Strain,

A

As

As all too mean for that *Etherial Day,*
 Which did *Thy Saviour* to the World display
 To Heav'n alone, do Thou direct Thy Prayer
 And only hope to find Assistance there ;
 So shall *Thy Verse* in brightest Lustre shine,
 And all *Thy grateful Pages* be divine.

The *Great Messiah*, who was long foretold,
 By many wond'rous Prophesies of old,
 Now thought it not disdainful for to come,
 From the dark Prison of a Virgin's Womb ;
 He that within his Father's Bosom lay,
 With Him, joint Ruler of the Realms of Day,
 He that to Heav'n, to Earth, and Seas gave
 Law,
 Was meanly plac'd upon a Bed of Straw :
 Though King of Kings, not mounted on a
 Throne,
 Nor Dazzling with a bright Imperial Crown,

But

Bat laid ignobly, despicably hard,
 And round Him, nothing but a beastial Guard
 In a vile Stable, on a Manger plac'd,
 And with the Ox, becomes a humble Guest ;
 Yet Angels did His happy Birth proclaim,
 And sung aloud His never dying Name.

The joyful Tidings o'er the Globe was known,
 That this, *The great Messiah* now was come,
 To free the World from its impending Doom.
Glory to God on high, and Peace on Earth,
Good Will to Men, at this Illustrious Birth.

All gloomy Shades, now hast'ning, fled away
 At the Appearance of this radiant Day ;
 The Gentile World, a saving Health did meet,
 And *Israel's Glory* was from hence compleat.

(6)

O wondrous Mercy ! Goodness infinite !
Grateful to hear, and pleasing to the Sight ;
Strange ! Means to save ! surpassing Human
Thought,
For Man's Redemption, wonderfully wrought :
From hence, learn to adore th' Almighty
Pow'r,
Who sent his Son lost Mankind to restore ;
Who underwent the Miseries and Strife,
And all the painful Agonies of Life,
Was basely bound, and wrongfully accus'd,
Deny'd, betray'd, and spitefully misus'd,
Buffeted, scourg'd, the Jeft, the Scorn, the
Sport,
Of all who to him made their rude Resort ;
Arraign'd, condemn'd, at last the general Cry
Spread all the darkning Air with Crucifie.
Till from his Wounds his precious Blood
was spilt,
All to attone for Man, involv'd in Guilt.

ON

((8))

On this reflect, my Soul, nor live in Blame;
In pungent Guilt, and everlasting Shame ;
With careless Sinners never blindly stray,
Nor tread thou in the broad the beaten Way ;
Nor thou this *Solemn Festival* prophane,
In Works of Folly, and in Actions vain ;
In no light Joy and Mirth thy self employ,
Nor follow thou intemp'rate Luxury ;
Of these be sure beware, take no delight,
To this Intention fully opposite ;
All contrary to this *Most glorious Birth*,
To thy Redeemer's Coming on the Earth.

In Works of Charity extend thy Hands,
And give in secret as thy Lord commands ;
This Holy Time neglect not thou to take,
The blessed Food prepared for thy sake ;
With decent Reverence approach the Board,
And piously commemorate thy Lord ;
For

For all thou'st done amiss repent and grieve,
 And for the future better strive to live :
 Thy Thoughts to Heav'n, to thy Creator rear,
 And spend thy Hours in faithful service
 Prayer :

That as for thee, thy dear Redeemer dy'd,
 Thou by His Merits may'st be justfy'd ;
 Let with thy Prayers, thy Praises too ascend,
 And ever on th' Almighty's Love depend ;
 For he has said he never will forsake,
 Those who shall under him their Refuge take.

So may'st thou endless Happiness obtain,
 And thy Redeemer not be born in vain.



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